This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Br
4718
0
WIDENER LIBRARY
HX KDAZ %

Br 4718.09

HARVARD
COLLEGE
LIBRARY

A PEEP

INTO LONDON,

FOR

GOOD CHILDREN.

By the Author of Rural Scenes.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY DARTON AND HARVEY,
GRACECHURCH-STREET.

PRICE HALF-A-CROWN.

1809.

Br 4718.09
9414.5

1860. June 2.
gift of
John W. C. Abbot
of Westford
(Class of 1827

INTRODUCTION.

COME, peep at London's famous town,
Nor need you travel there;
For one foot up, and one foot down,
In future, you may spare:
At home, a hundred miles away,
'Tis easy now to look,
At City Scenes, and London gay,
In this my little book.

Yes, here in quiet you may sit,
Beside the winter's fire,
And see and hear as much of it,
As ever you desire.
Or underneath the oak so grey,
That stands upon the green,
May pass the summer's eve away,
In London's City Scene.

See where the idle milk-maid stands,
To hear the gossip's tale;
While chimney-sweep, with uplift hands,
Keeps drinking from the pail.

And even while the man behind,
The sooty thief is showing,
If he could look at top, he'd find,
His muffins too were going.

There's great St. Paul's, so wondrous wide,
The monument as tall;
And almost every thing beside,
Down to the cobler's stall.
The thief that picks one's pocket clean;
But yet you need not fear
That one of all the rogues you've seen,
Should pick your pocket here.

The post-boy galloping away,
With letter-bag, you'll find:
The shop, the ship, the lady gay,
The beggar lame and blind.
The boatman plying at his oar,
The gard'ner and his greens,
And very near a hundred more
Of London's City Scenes.

1

2

8

9

10

CITY SCENES.

1. *Countryman on a Stage Coach.*

HERE is Farmer Clodpole, who lives a hundred miles from London, coming to see it at last. They have just reached the top of a hill, and catch a fine view of the city.

"What! is that *Lunnun*, coachey? Well, I'm glad to see it at last; for I, that's only used to jog along a few miles in our cart, don't much fancy this jumbling and jolting. But what a smoke they are in, master coachman; I shall be glad enough to get back again, if I am always to be in such a *puther*. Pray, what's *that there* great round thing in the midst of the housen?—Oh! St. Paul's: why that beats our parish church all to pieces. Well, drive away, coachey, that I may see all the fine things; and nobody shall laugh at me any more, because I have not seen *Lunnun*.

2. *The Monument.*

Here stands the Monument: it was built in remembrance of the dreadful fire of London, which happened in the year 1666, and destroyed the greatest part of the city. It is a fine old pillar, 202 feet high. Within is a flight of winding stairs, leading to the gallery, which commands a beautiful view of the city and surrounding country.

3. *A Wharf.*

A Wharf is a kind of paved yard, by the side of the river, where goods are landed from ships and barges. From the large casks that are in several parts of it, I should suppose that it belongs to some West-India merchant, who has just received a cargo of sugar, from one of our islands there: or they may be puncheons of rum; for both come from the same place. Sugar is the juice of a kind of cane, which grows in the West Indies as commonly as corn grows in England; and rum is a strong spirit distilled from the same plant. The Indigo plant, from which stone-blue

3

4

is made, is also produced there; as well as the cotton-tree, cocoa-nut, and tobacco-plant. It is the merchant's business to bring over these things for our use, for which we are much obliged to him: and here he his, giving orders to one of his servants about the matter.

4. *The Coal-Ship and Barge.*

This is one of the ships called Newcastle colliers, laden with coals from the mines in Northumberland. These vessels are too large to come close to the wharfs, to unload; so the coals are emptied into barges, (which are a kind of large, flat boats,) and carried in them to the different wharfs where they are to be landed.

Drawn up from the dreary mine,
Is the black and shining coal:
Where the sun can never shine,
Through the large and dismal hole.

There the sooty miners stay,
Digging at their work forlorn;
Or, to see the light of day,
In a swinging bucket drawn.

Then along the roaring tide,
Where the tempest bellow'd keen,
Did the laden vessel ride,
Toss'd among the waters green.

Wide were spread her canvass sails,
Tall and taper rose her mast:
Now, before the northern gales,
She has reach'd her port at last.

5. *Skating.*

Here come the apprentice and beauish young spark,
To skate on the frozen canal in the park;
Each set upon showing his skill and his speed:
And, truly, there's one *set upon it*, indeed,
Nay, if you go on when the ice is so thin,
You will not be long *on*, my good fellow, but *in*.

6. *The hard Frost.*

What a picture of winter! The leaden pipes, which lead from the large wooden ones under ground into the houses, are most of them frozen, as some part is generally exposed to the air; so that they have

been obliged to put a small pipe into one of the large ones, and to draw the water off by a cock. The poor woman's cloak is frozen so hard, that it looks like a great wing; and there is a man throwing the snow from the tops of the houses, that it may not soak through into the chambers, when the thaw comes. What a blessing to have a good house and a comfortable fire-side, when the weather is so severe.

7. *Ship-building.*

Now we have a distant view of a man of war (which is a great fighting ship) building at Woolwich. You may see, by the boats in the front, how large it must be; for the further off any thing is, the smaller it looks; and yet it seems larger at this distance, than the boats which are close by. It is like a large floating house, with convenient apartments, sufficient to accomodate 800 people. Numbers of men have been at work on it for seven years; and hundreds of fine oaks, which have been from fifty to a hundred years in growing, have been cut down to build it with: beside all the iron from Sweden, for

bolts and nails; and fir trees from Norway, for planks and masts; and copper from Cornwall, to cover its bottom with, to preserve it from being rotted by the sea-water and from other injuries; and the pitch, tar, paint, glue, and I cannot tell how many other things, which must be used before it is fit to swim. What a pity that all this expence and trouble should be wasted in contriving to kill our neighbours and destroy their property; when it might be employed to the advantage of both parties, by promoting a friendly intercourse with each other.

8. *Westminster Abbey.*

They are reading the inscription on one of the monuments. "See, my dear," says the lady, "what the richest and greatest come to at last. Rich and poor, high and low, must all be laid in the grave; and though this noble monument appears very grand to the living, it makes no difference to 'the poor inhabitant below,' whether he lies beneath a beautiful pile of white marble, or has only a few green osiers bound over his grave."

5

6

7

9. *Going to Bartholomew's Hospital.*

As this poor man was at his work, he fell from a high scaffolding and broke three of his ribs. It is quite as much as a working man can do to live and support his family, in health, in these hard times; but how is he to bear a long illness, to pay nurses and doctors' bills, while work is standing still, and no wages coming in? All these thoughts rushed into poor Master Chip's mind, the moment he came to his senses; and gave him more pain than even his smarting wound; while the cries and lamentations of his wife increased his agony. A gentleman passing by and enquiring the cause of the bustle, recommended them to apply to Bartholomew's Hospital; and the poor man was immediately conveyed there on a litter. The hospitable gates flew open to receive the stranger; and he was put into a comfortable bed, where his bones were set by a skilful surgeon, and he is now in a fair way for recovery. He feels truly thankful for the benefit he has received, and hopes he shall always remember with gratitude, a charity which has probably saved himself from death, and his wife and children from want and misery.

10. *The Garret.*

What a dismal place!—However, it may do us good for once, to see such a wretched sight. Let us wait at the door, and observe them. See this poor mechanic and his starving family. His hands are so benumbed with cold, that he can scarcely grind his rusty tools. His wife and children seem stupified with cold and hunger; they sit motionless, and appear given up to despair. There is not a spark left in the grate, and the last morsel of bread has been devoured.

Let us step in and offer them some relief; and whenever, in future, we may feel inclined to murmur and fret at the little losses and crosses we happen to meet with, let us remember this unhappy family, compare our comfortable dwellings with this miserable garret, and learn to be grateful and content.

11. *Little Boy at the Crossing.*

That's right, sweep away there, my good little man,
And earn a few halfpence whenever you can.

Many of the crossings in London streets are often very dirty, and some little lads, who prefer doing even a dirty job, to being idle, put down a board for the passengers to walk upon, which they sweep clean continually from mud or snow. They do not forget to hold their hats to those who make use of this convenience: and good-natured people seldom fail to drop a halfpenny into them, like the young lady in the picture.

12. *Broker-Row.*

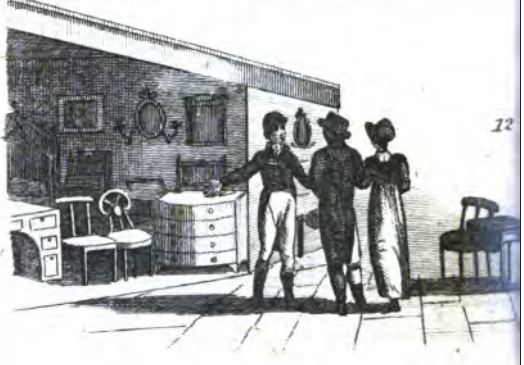
Broker-Row, Moorfields, is a long range of open warehouses, where all kinds of furniture, new and second-hand, may be met with. The brokers are rather celebrated for their importunity to passengers; and those who have no intention to make purchases, may sometimes find it rather troublesome.

Walk in, Sir, examine this elegant chair,
The fashion quite new, and genteel, I declare:
And these dining-tables—do favour me, madam—
They were new from the maker's, indeed, when I had 'em.

A great price mahogany is, I must say;
And expected to rise, I'm inform'd, ev'ry day:
But this piece of wood is remarkably cheap,
And as pretty a table as any we keep.
'Tis nothing;—I certainly give it away:
We lose by these articles, Sir, ev'ry day.
I ask thirty pounds for the set, and I know
There is not such a bargain as that in the row.

13. *The enraged Ox.*

This serves you exactly right, my lad. You have been teasing and worrying that animal, till it is become quite furious, and now you must take the consequence. It was as tame and quiet as any ox in Smithfield, till you began to pull it by the tail, and beat it about the horns; and now, (as oxen do not know they ought not to be revengeful,) you cannot be surprised if it should give you a toss or two. Cruel folks are always cowardly, and it is no wonder to see you running away in such a dreadful fright.


12

13

14

15

16

14. *View of London from St. Paul's.*

A young country gentleman, who was never before on any thing higher than a hay-stack, has now reached the top of St. Paul's, and is admiring the prospect from the iron gallery,

"Well, certainly, this is a wonderful sight?
And pays one for climbing up here, such a height.
Dear, what a large city! and full, in all parts,
Of churches, and houses, and horses, and carts.
What hundreds of coaches, and thousands of folk!
And then, *above all*, what a very thick smoke!
I could stand here all *day* to behold this fine town;
Tho', as night's coming on, I had better go down."

I think so too, young gentleman; and mind how you go along the dark staircase, for it would be a sad thing to fall down among that frightful scaffolding. Walk gently, and lay hold of the rail as you go along, and you will be safe enough.

And endeavour to remember all the curious things you have seen, and describe them to your brothers and sisters when you get home.

15. *Waterman.*

A boat, Sir; a boat, Ma'am; to cross if you wish,
The waterman plies at his oar.
"Thank you, friend," said the lady, "but as I'm no fish,
I think I am safer on shore."

16. *Carting of Goods.*

As we all should be careful, I hope that young man,
Will take care of his horse, and himself, if he can;
For if backward one step he should happen to start,
Splash! into the Thames, would go driver and cart.

17. *Water-Cresses.*

Lady, lady, buy, I pray,
Water-cresses fresh and young;
Many miles I'm forc'd to stray
Lanes, and meadows damp, among.
Stooping at the crystal brook,
By the morning light I'm seen:
Lady, lady, pray you look;
Buy my water-cresses green.

'Tis the honest truth I tell,
These were gather'd fresh to-day;
I have cause to know it well,
By the long and weary way.

On my arm, so tann'd and brown,
So, my little basket hung;
As I travell'd back to town,
With my water-cresses young.

Hardly was a little bird
Stirring, as I went along;
Not a waggon wheel I heard,
Nor the ploughman's cheery song.
Still upon the waters grey,
Mists of early morning hung;
Buy then, lady fair, I pray,
Buy my water-cresses young.

18. *The Flower-pot Man.*

Here comes the good man with his flowers to sell,
Along the street merrily going:
Full many a year I've remember'd him well,
With flowers a growing and blowing.

Geraniums, in dresses of scarlet and green;
Thick aloes, that blossom so rarely;
The long creeping cereus, with prickles so keen;
Or primroses modest and early.

The myrtle dark green; and the jessamine pale,
Sweet-scented and gracefully flowing.
The flower-man carries and offers for sale,
All flourishing, growing, and blowing.

19. *The Sweeps and Soot-bags.*

There is scarcely any rubbish which cannot be converted to some use; and even the soot, which these little chimney-sweeps have gathered, is now going to be sold for manure, for the farmer to scatter over his fields, to make the earth better, and the corn more healthy. Or, perhaps, they are carrying it to the dyers, who use it for a kind of dun colour. A fine lady hardly guesses that the little sweep, who crawls up her kitchen chimney, and might not lay so much as a finger upon her finery, is, very likely, one of the many honest people to whom she is obliged for it.

20. *Sailors and Ship.*

We poor sailors, lame and blind,
Now your charity would sue:
Treat us not with words unkind,
But a spark of pity shew.

Where the stormy billows roar
Many a year we plough'd the main:
Far, to east or western shore,
Luxuries for you to gain.

17

18

19

Far from friends and houses warm,
(Comforts such as you can boast,)
We have brav'd the howling storm,
Shipwreck'd on a desert coast.

Many a hardship have we known;
Round and round the world we've past;
Now, our limbs and eye-sight gone,
Come to beggary at last!

21. *Milkmaid's Garland.*

May-day is a great holiday among the poor of London: the milk-maids, chimney-sweepers, and some others of the like sort, parade the streets with garlands, dressed up with gay ribbons and flowers; while they adorn themselves with all the finery they can muster.

In this way they beset the houses of their customers, or attract the attention and generosity of the passengers.

To the meadows so gay,
We frolic away,
To gather fresh flow'rs for the morning of May.

And when we are there,
The cowslips so fair
We pluck, with wild roses, to bind in our hair.

For violets we stray,
And sweet-scented May,
And gather the daisies that grow in our way.

And thus all day long,
With music and song,
Around our gay garlands we're dancing along.

22. *Chimney-sweepers' Dance.*

Here are we merry chimney-sweepers, dancing in a row,
And rattle, clatter, bang, and snap's our music as we go.
Your honour, pray remember us, and do not pass us by;
But if you will not treat us all, pray let us know for why.

We gaily climb your chimneys tall, and sing instead of groan,
And dance like peas on 'bacco pipes, from out our sooty throne;
And tho' you may look down on us, and call us vulgar crew,
When we have climb'd your chimney tops, we all look down on you.

We are most honest gentlefolks, and clever in our trade,
Can climb the smallest crannies up, that ever hands have made;

20

21

22
London. Published by Wm Darton, and Jas Harvey, December 2.d 1808.

23

24

25

So pity us poor climbing sweeps, all dancing in a row,
While rattle, clatter, bang and snap's our music as we go.

23. *The Tower of London.*

It is very amusing to visit the Tower of London. The building is very ancient: William the Conqueror is supposed to have began the erection. It was formerly used as a palace by the kings of England, but afterwards became the state prison. It is now a very large place, and contains many streets, and a variety of buildings.

The mint, where money is coined, is within the walls of the Tower. Visitors are only permitted to see the stamping of the coins, which is a very curious process.

Here also is the Jewel Office, which contains all the jewels belonging to the king; and the crown with which all the kings of England have been crowned: it is made of gold, and enriched with diamonds and precious stones. Besides this, the golden sceptre; a grand silver font, used at the christenings of the Royal family; and many other curious and very valuable jewels.

In a room called the *Spanish Armory*, are shown many dreadful instruments of cruelty, and weapons of war, which were taken in our victory over the Spanish Armada, in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Here also is seen the axe which beheaded queen Anna Bullen, wife of that cruel King, Henry VIII.

---

24. *Wild Beasts in the Tower.*

But no sight in the Tower is more interesting than the wild beasts:—lions, tigers, leopards, bears, monkeys, &c. As they are confined in cages, with iron grates before them, there is no danger, if people keep at a proper distance; but some dreadful accidents have happened, by children going within reach of the lion's paws.

Don't be frighten'd, young lady, to look at the lion,
You see he can't spring thro' the grating of iron;
But if you were wand'ring, like poor Mungo Park,
In Africa's forests, bewilder'd and dark;
And there, where no refuge or hut could be found,
Should hear his fierce roar thro' the valleys resound;
Or there, by the moonlight, astonish'd to stand
And see his huge shadow glide by on the sand:

26

27

28

Oh then, you might tremble with terror, and fly,
To hide 'mid the palm trees, till he had pass'd by:
An enemy fierce and all-powerful then,
But now a poor captive, confin'd in his den.

25. *Horse Armory.*

The Horse Armory is a large apartment, containing many curiosities. All the kings of England on horseback, in the suits of armour they each wore. Most of this armour is very rich, and beautifully ornamented. The furniture of the horses is of velvet, laced with gold.

There is a suit of armour belonging to John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, which is seven feet high; and another made for Henry VIII. when sixteen years old, which is six feet in height.

26. *Royal Exchange.*

What a busy scene is the Royal Exchange! Merchants from all quarters of the world, assemble here to transact business with each other: Englishman, Dutchman, Frenchman, Spaniard, Russian, Turk, and Jew.

How intent does every one appear upon his own business; as if that was of more importance, than the concerns of all the rest put together. The noise and clamour are immense; yet, amid the general din, there is one silent individual, who seems to take little interest in the surrounding crowd. This is Charles II. who stands very quietly on his pedestal, in the centre of the place. In a few years every one of these active merchants will be as motionless, and as indifferent to this lively scene, as the marble statue. Remember this, O busy Englishman, sprightly Frenchman, lazy Spaniard, plodding Dutchman, rough Russian, proud Turk, and rich Jew.

27. *Bond-Street.*

O fie! for shame, gentlemen! let me entreat!
What! don't you know how to behave in the street?
He that's truly polite, both asham'd and afraid is,
To turn round so rudely, and stare at the ladies.

Bond-Street is now the most elegant and fashionable place for trade, of any at the west end of the town. In the shop windows may be seen every article that luxury can desire or fashion invent; of

course, all the gay folks are attracted to this tempting spot; and every morning they parade the street in crowds, or roll about in their carriages.

Some people might think it a waste of time, to spend half the day in walking up and down a street, and looking in at shop windows; but for those who are neither disposed to read or work, or walk in the country, or visit the poor, or to do any one useful thing, Bond-Street must be a very convenient place.

28. *Shop.*

Two ladies have just entered one of these fine shops, to make purchases. There go five guineas for a morning dress, which the lady owns she does not want, only it is so pretty, and so cheap, that she *must* have it.

Five guineas would make a poor perishing family happy. And how many poor perishing families are there in this crowded city!

O lady! do not squander such a sum upon useless finery, while there is *one* starving fellow-creature within your reach.

29 and 30. *The Thief and Tippler.*

Here are drinking and stealing; and nothing can be more natural, than that one should come along with the other. The drunkard loses both his sense and his money, and it is no wonder, therefore, if, when he has lost one, he turn thief in order to get the other. What a dangerous thing it is to begin the smallest bad habit; for nobody can tell what it will lead to! You think, foolish man, that a glass or two this morning cannot do you any harm; and little guess, that before night you may be taken up for a pick-pocket, and sent to get sober again in a prison.

When the sun is gone to bed,
Sinking underneath the west,
Then the robber shows his head,
For he loves the darkness best.
When the fog is thick around,
When no twinkling star is out,
At his wicked trade he's found,
Slily wandering about.

If the slightest noise you make,
Then with terror will he start,
For his conscience is awake,
Speaking in his inmost heart.

29

30

31

32

33

34

London Published by Wm. Darton, and Jos. Harvey, December 1st. 1808.

Yet her voice he will not hear,
Bent upon the wicked act;
Now, behold him pale with fear,
Taken in the very fact.

In the damp and dreary cell,
Sad and wretched, must he lie,
Till the solemn Newgate-bell
Toll, to call him out to die.
Then with angry conscience own,
All the dreadful sentence just:
O! he this had never known,
If he'd minded her at first!

31. *Guy Fawkes.*

Who comes riding hither, as black as a coal,
With matches, and old tinderbox,
And holding his lanthorn, a figure so droll?
'Tis nobody less than Guy Fawkes.

32. *The Hand-bill.*

White hands! The most infallibly efficacious lotion, for softening, whitening, and beautifying the brownest skin, in the safest, sweetest, and most expeditious manner. Vastly well, Dr. Compoundum; vastly well, Sir: but I have made up my

mind to be contented, if possible, with my hands as they are; especially as I have heard a story or two about your washes and lotions, which, perhaps, you would not wish me to repeat. *There is a young lady, in my neighbourhood, who very nearly lost her life, by only once using some of your wonderful lotion.* But no more of this; for I would not hurt your feelings, Doctor, on any account.

33. *The Pot-boy.*

Here is a pot-boy, stringing his pots on a leathern belt; and I do not see any thing else to remark concerning him, except,

Buckle them tightly, and speed you away:
To lose time in the morning, is spoiling the day.

34. *The Bill-sticker.*

"At the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, this evening, the comedy of———" Ah! my good friend, if you have no better news than this to tell us, I cannot waste my

time to read to the end of your bill. I wish you were better employed than in giving us this piece of intelligence; and those who may be tempted by it to waste an evening at the play-house, may wish, one day or another, that they had been better employed too. Life is not long enough for us to lose a single moment. Those who are young, healthy, and cheerful to-night, may be dead corpses to-morrow: or, at best, a very few years can flit round, before their locks will turn grey, their strength forsake them, the bright eye become dim, and old age and death put a stop to all their riot and merriment! At such a time as that, it would be no comfort to me to recollect, that I had wasted this evening at the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane.

---

35. *Paving the Streets.*

These are paviours mending the way, and hard work, indeed, it appears to be. When one man has placed the stones properly, another comes with his great rammer and hammers them down. It seems

as much as he can well do, to lift it; but the convenience and comfort of having a good pavement, deserve a little exertion in order to procure it. They have tied a string across the street, I perceive, with a wisp of hay in it, by which the drivers of carriages understand that they cannot pass that way.

The country clod-hopper, who has been used to nothing but ploughed fields and uneven, rutted lanes, or, at best, to the rough gravel of a cross-country road, would be surprised to see the streets of London paved as neatly as Farmer Furrowdale's kitchen, and the lamps lighted as regularly every evening, as that in the great hall at the 'squire's.

36. *The Coach-Maker.*

The man that is running along with his wheel,
I fancy, has nothing to say;
And really, my poor little readers, I feel
Myself in the very same way!

35

36

37

38

39

37. *The fallen Porter.*

In wet weather the streets of London are so slippery, that country folk must be very careful indeed, in order to keep their feet; and even our poor porter, who has traversed them with his knot and burden, at least for these twenty years, was not so used to them as to prevent his falling. The good people behind, I should hope, will help him to rise, and see that no bones are broken; though, for some time that I have been watching, I do not perceive that one of them has stirred!

38. *Statue.*

Here, upon his brazen horse,
Sits Charles the First, at Charing Cross.

39. *Square.*

This is one of the grand squares of London: they are chiefly situated at the west end of the town, and consist mostly of noblemen's houses.

The middle of a square is usually inclosed with iron pallisades, and laid out with grass plats and gravel walks, and planted round with shady trees like a garden.

This makes a pleasant place, for the children who live in the square, to play in; as every inhabitant has a key of it, and a right to use it whenever he pleases: and for those who are not within reach of the sweet green fields of the country, it must be a very great convenience.

Some little children are playing here with their nurse, among the bushes.

Run along, little folks, and enjoy yourselves in the fresh air, this fine morning.

40. *Bridge.*

This is Blackfriars Bridge, and a very pleasant place it is, especially on a fine summer's evening, when the air is still and serene, and the light pleasure-boats are gliding up and down the river, with their gay companies.

When there is no fog, both London and Westminster Bridge may be seen from Blackfriars.

It is a beautiful sight to see the sun set-

ting from this place; it shines upon the great dome of St. Paul's, in all its glory, and makes it look as if it were made of gold. The watermen are alwys awaiting about the bridges, and keep a brisk cry of boat! boat! who wants a boat! Oars, Sir! sculler, Sir.

THE WATERMAN'S SONG.

Come, ladies, a trip on the smooth gliding wave,
In my swift skimming wherry, so neat and so trim;
Tho' I lost my good leg when I fought with the brave,
I've an arm at your service, on Thames's clear stream.

41. *Fire.*

How very dreadful the cry of fire is! especially in the night, as it is here. O, poor woman! I fear it is all over with her! The house is full of flames; the staircase is already half burnt down; and the beams and timbers keep falling in, one after another, with tremendous crashes! No one can possibly go to assist her; there is no ladder to be had that will reach five stories high, and the engines keep play-

ing over the house, but do not seem in the least to quench the flames.

This poor creature would never mind her mistress, when she desired her to be careful with her candle, and not place it too near the curtains. See now what is come of it!

What a great mercy it is to be preserved from such a dreadful calamity. To wake every morning in safety, in a comfortable bed, without having been disturbed by pain and sickness, cruel men, or devouring flames, ought to make us very thankful to our Heavenly Father. It is so common a thing, that we are too apt to forget how great a mercy it is. When we hear of such terrible misfortunes befalling others, we ought not only to pity and assist them, if it be in our power; but also to praise Him who has not suffered such calamities to overtake us.

---

42. *Engine.*

There goes another engine, bearing away to the fire: but it is too late now, the roof must have fallen in by this time, and nothing more can be done for them!

41

42

43

44

45

46

Here is the poor lady, with her children, running along the street half distracted. As her children are safe, she need not mind the loss of her property. There is a servant behind, who seems to have a heavy chest upon his shoulders, most likely containing valuable books and papers.

An engine is a very clever contrivance: the long leather pipes convey the water over the tops of the highest houses, and often, if it arrives in time, prevents the flames from spreading further.

43. *Telescope.*

Here is a man who goes about the streets of London, on moonlight evenings, with a good telescope, and for a penny a piece shows the moon through it to the passengers. Some folks may think they would rather see it for nothing in the common way; but those who are at all curious in such matters, will be very glad of an opportunity of seeing such a beautiful object much more distinctly than they ever could with the naked eye.

44. *Orange Girl.*

Who'll buy my fine oranges, oranges O!
In Spain, far beyond sea, in plenty they grow;
They're mellow and juicy,
Who'll buy of poor Lucy,
Her fine China oranges, oranges O!

45. *Horse and Chaise.*

There go Mr. and Mrs. Thrifty, driving their smart gig to their country house at Hampstead. Business is over for the day, books settled, shop shut up; and so they are running away from London smoke, as fast as the horse can carry them.

Good evening to you, Mr. and Mrs. Thrifty; I wish you a fine ride home, and a pleasant walk in your little flower-garden, this charming evening.

46. *Scavenger.*

The business of the scavenger is to sweep up all the mud and dirt from the streets, and collect it in his cart. When well laden, he empties it in some waste

place in the outskirts of the city; and as it is very rich manure, he finds it a profitable occupation.

"I'm very glad 'tis not my luck,
To get my bread by carting muck;
I'm sure I never could be made,
To work at such a dirty trade."
"Hold, little master, not so fast,
Some proud folks get a fall at last;
And *you*, young gentleman, I say,
May be a scavenger one day.
All sober folks, who seldom play,
But get their bread some honest way;
Tho' not to wealth or honours born,
Deserve respect instead of scorn.
Such rude contempt they merit less,
Than those who live in idleness;
Who are less useful, I'm afraid,
Than this black mud that's in my spade."

47. *The Orange Boy.*

Oranges, which this boy appears to have in his basket, are a fine mellow fruit, sent over to us, chiefly from France, Spain, and Portugal. They grow there in open groves, as plentifully as hazel-nuts do in England; and in the blossoming season the smell is delightful. When they are intended for exportation, (that is, to be sent

abroad,) they are gathered green, and afterwards come to their beautiful gold colour. In general, they may be reckoned a wholesome fruit, if eaten moderately; but the rind, and especially the white inside skin, are thought very hurtful. We call the sour kind Seville oranges, because they come from a province of that name in Spain; and the sweet ones are called China oranges, because the first of that kind which were seen in Europe, were brought from China by the Portuguese.

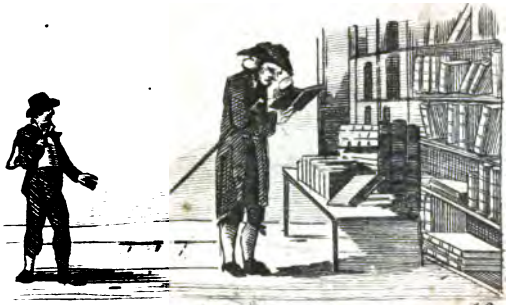
48. *The Cobler's-Stall.*

Tell me, cobler, tell me pray,
Why you always look so gay;
With your lapstone, and your last,
Singing loud, and working fast:
I'm not half so gay as you,
With nothing in the world to do.

O! your honour, this is why
You are not so gay as I;
I should be as dull as you,
If I'd nothing more to do;
But 'tis easy to be gay
Singing at my work away.

47

48



49

49. *The Book-Stall.*

Now this old gentleman has found a treasure; some rare and valuable book, for which he had been hunting at every book-stall in London for these twenty years; and here it is at last! worm-eaten through and through, to be sure, but then, as there is not another copy in England, he does not care. For my part, though I would not be disrespectful to an old gentleman, I cannot help thinking, that a good new book, upon some useful subject, would be more valuable; and where the pleasure can be, of having a thing merely because nobody else can get it, I cannot tell!

50. *Drowned Boy.*

Ah, silly lad! he would go out of his depth, though he knew he was not a skilful swimmer, and see what comes of it! He was seized with the cramp, when he had been a few minutes in the water, and so began to sink directly. His brave companion jumped in after him, at the risque of his own life, and has brought him back,

quite senseless, to the boat. How distressed his poor brother looks! and how anxious to see whether there is any life left in him.

There is a society in London, for the purpose of recommending the best means to be used for recovering drowned persons: it is called the Humane Society. They have houses placed at proper distances by the river-side, where assistance may be had instantly; and every possible means are tried for many hours, before they give any one quite over. Numbers have been restored to life by this benevolent institution, and there is a sermon preached once a year before the Society, when all who have been brought to life by this means are present: it is a very affecting spectacle.

Let us hope they will take this poor boy to one of these places, and perhaps he may yet be restored to his family.

51. *Boat in a Storm.*

How often do we hear of people losing their lives, while they are breaking the Sabbath day, in taking pleasure on the water.

50

51

53

54

55

This gay company little thought what was to befal them, when they set off in such high spirits this morning, from Black-friar's Bridge, when the air was so serene, and not a cloud obscured the blue sky! The sail is almost shattered to pieces by the wind, and the waves seem every moment ready to break over their little boat. They will all perish, unless the people on shore are able to put out a boat for their relief; but the storm is so furious, that it seems almost impossible to assist them. Ah! poor, thoughtless people! Had you been in a place of worship, as you ought to have been, instead of spending your Sunday in this wicked way, you had not come to this dreadful situation!

52. *Press-Gang.*

Say, Mr. Lieutenant, before I surrender,
By what right you take me aboard of your tender;
In the peaceable trader I rather would be;
And no man of war, Sir, I thank you, for me.

53. *Ladies and Gipsy.*

This poor gipsy woman is begging, with a baby hung at her back, and another little child by her side. Those kind ladies are giving her some halfpence; let us hope she is not imposing upon them. Many of these poor wandering people are dishonest; but that is no reason why they should all be so.

THE GIPSY'S SONG.

We gipsies live merrily here,
  All on the wide heath we abide,
And while sleeping under the hedge,
  We covet no dwelling beside:
Poor beggars forlorn, through the city we stray,
And return here at night with the spoils of the day.

We gather dry leaves and some sticks,
  With them a warm fire to raise;
Make a stove of a couple of bricks;
  And blow till we kindle a blaze:
The traveller quickens his pace as he sees
The flame and the smoke curling up in the trees.

Then under the hedge in a ring,
  Men, women, and children together,
We sit, and we merrily sing,
  And regard not the wind and the weather:
Old Growler keeps watch by the poultry around,
And barks at the noises that distantly sound.

54. *Billingsgate.*

There goes a tall fish-woman, sounding her cry,
"Who'll buy my fine flounders, and oysters who'll buy;"
Poor flounder, he heaves up his fin with a sigh,
And thinks that *he* has most occasion to cry;
"Ah, neighbour," says oyster, "indeed, so do I."

55. *Ballad Singer.*

What a set of idle folks are gathered round that poor ballad-singer, listening to her silly songs!

There is Betty the waiting maid, who was sent in a great hurry to the washer-woman's, while her mistress is waiting to go out; and Tom the porter, with a parcel for the Harwich Mail, that will set off in a few minutes; and Sam the foot-boy, who was sent post haste to the doctor's, as his master was taken very ill; and half a score more idle folks, who ought to be minding their business.

As the poor woman has got two little children with her, and seems in distress, that good boy is quite right in giving her

some halfpence; but it is a sad pity she has nothing better to sell than those foolish ballads.

56. *Nosegays.*

Through many a long and winding lane,
My wand'ring feet have stray'd;
While yet the drops of early rain,
Were sparkling on the blade.

Along the hedge I bent my way
Where roses wild are seen;
Or cowslips peeping out so gay
Among the tangled green.

Or primrose, with its pucker'd leaf,
And simple early bloom;
Or violet, hiding underneath
The hedge's shady gloom.

With finger wet with morning dew,
And torn by many a spray,
My roses red, and violets blue,
I bound in posies gay.

Before the sun has risen high,
And all their colours fade,
Come, lady fair, my posies buy,
Of modest wild-flow'rs made.

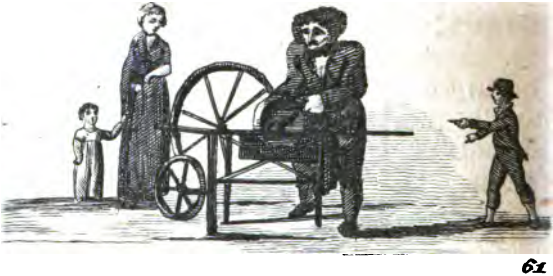
56

57

58

59

60



61

57. *Covent-Garden.*

Now we have a view of Covent-Garden Market, where plants, fruit, and flowers of every kind, are brought for sale from the country. By four o'clock in a summer's morning, it is completely full of the most rare and beautiful plants that can be grown in England, either in open nurseries, or in the hot-house and green-house: and what with the number of busy people buying and selling; the carts going to and fro, laden with flowers, fruit, and vegetables of all sorts; the beauty and gaiety of the different plants, and the sweetness of their odours, it is altogether a most delightful scene. The Londoners cannot take a country walk whenever they please, and enjoy the green fields and wild hedge-flowers, in the open air, but they may supply themselves here with every kind of beautiful plant, for a garden within doors; and to those who have a little knowledge of botany, it must be not only an entertaining, but even a useful amusement.

58. *New Milk from the Cow.*

This lady with her children, who are come from the noise of Cheapside, for a little new milk at Highbury-Place, might fancy themselves at a farm in the country; the Islington fields are so green, the air so reviving, and the smell of the milk so delightfully sweet.

59. *Sausage-Stall.*

This good woman appears to be very busy in helping her customers.

Well, my boys, if you are hungry, and have a penny to pay for your dinner, I am glad to see you enjoy it so well; but if you can get a good meal at home, and are only spending your pocket-money thus, because you are greedy and love sausages, I think it is a pity your friends allow you any to spend in such a useless way.

Now, if you were to save it up for a few weeks, you might be able to buy yourselves a handsome new Bible, or many good and useful things, a great deal better than sausages.

60. *Advertisement.*

See, there sits a man, with a bill on a pole,
And there stands a lady, perusing the whole.
"A famous soft wash, 'tis beyond all compare,
'Twill make the plain handsome, and make the brown fair:"
But, lady, beware, nor believe what they say;
Cold water is better, and nothing to pay.

61. *Knife-Grinder.*

Well! who would believe it? lazy Tom is turned knife-grinder at last!

"Ay, master, and I never was so happy in my life. I thought, like a foolish old fellow, that a beggar's life must at least be an easy one; but at last I found out, that, though I had nothing to do, I often had nothing to eat. So, one day, I thought to myself, thinks I, 'I've a vast mind to bestir myself, and work for my living; for after all this idling, I don't see that I'm much of a gentleman for it.' So I bought this grinder, and began business for myself; and now I earn a comfortable living, and am as happy as the day is long;

And so every body, who tries it, will find:—
I wish you good morning, Sir, "Scissors to grind!"

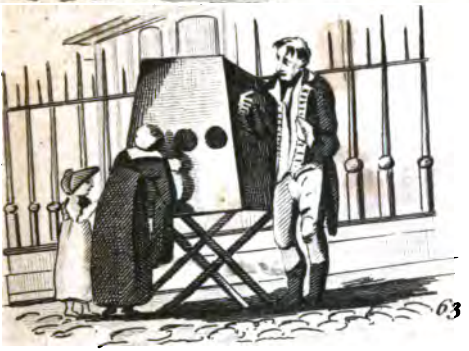
62. *The Brewer's Dray.*

Here travels the brewer along with his dray,
And the horse seems as if he had something to say;
Now (tho' between friends I am forc'd to confess
That I cannot quite *hear* him) I think I can guess:
"Good master," perhaps, "do not give such a smack,
For even a dray-horse can feel on his back;
And surely 'tis fair that my labour should earn,
At least, civil treatment from you in return."

63. *The Showman.*

This poor fellow, who is telling over and over again the history of his wonderful show-box, was once a soldier, as may be seen by his tatter'd regimentals, and the loss of one arm. As he never learnt any business while he was young, he was hard put to it for a living when he grew old, and the health and limbs he had once depended upon began to fail him. He wanders about, therefore, from town to town, with his halfpenny show, and tells the same famous story a hundred times over to his little customers.

62



63

64

65

66

67

68. *The careless Boy and Coach.*

Nothing can exceed the noise, bustle, and hurry of the streets of London, where carriages of all kinds are passing backward and forward during the whole day, and most of the night. Hackney coaches are plying to and fro; carts creaking beneath loads of heavy merchandise; and mail-coaches driving for the letter bags to the post-office: so that crossing the streets often proves dangerous, and requires more care than the boy before us seems to have taken. Poor fellow! he may never rise again. The coachman does not even seem to know that he is under the wheels. Better stand still than run into danger: though it is by no means advisable to stand still in a crowd.

69. *A Boxing Match.*

Well! here is a boxing match, or a brutal fight! to avoid which, all sober persons will either step into the first convenient house, or quickly pass by the crowd. Here is a lesson for us to avoid

anger; for few persons are angry and sin not.

"Hard names at first, and threat'ning words,
That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs and naked swords,
To murder and to death."

70. *The Pickpocket.*

So one fault generally leads on to another. One of the idle gazers in the crowd, looking at the fighters, has had his pocket picked; and the thief taken into custody is dragged away to prison. How much there is to be learned from what daily passes in a great city! Even a single street teaches several useful lessons. We see numbers whose characters we ought to shun; others whose industry it would be well to imitate; many to excite our deepest compassion; and may learn from most a lesson of content and gratitude.

68

69

70

71

72

73

71. *Riding in a Sedan.*

It is a good thing to be able to ride, when one cannot walk; but it is a better thing to be able to walk, whether one can ride or not: because more people have legs than have carriages; and, except they are lazy ones, they are more willing to carry them than horses or servants. So, as I would rather depend upon the care which my own legs would take of me, than on those of another person. My maxim is, to ride when I must, and walk when I can.

72 *Taking a Debtor.*

There is the constable come to take a smart gentleman to prison, who has been spending more money than he can pay. Now let us hear what he will say to him.

" Stop there, Sir, if you please. Your time for being a gentleman is not longer than your time for being an honest man; for nobody may dash away here at the expence of other persons. So, my lord and

my lady, whom you were going to visit, must wait for your company a little, unless they will pay your way out of prison. Now all your fine carriages must be sold, and your handsome furniture, and the money given to your butcher, baker, and tailor; and I hope, when you get free again, you will remember, that "honesty is the best policy."

73. *Slippery Weather.*

There, my lad! now I advise you to make as much haste in getting up, as you did in falling down; and remember, it takes less time to *keep* out of a difficulty, than to *get* out of one. You must now make the best of a bad bargain; for that is next best to making a good one: and take more care the next time you go out in slippery weather. If you have been laughing at the gentleman, who, a little time ago, was in the same situation, you are served quite right, and must not grumble if he laughs at you. But I hope he will help you up; for persons who meet with the same misfortunes, should always pity and assist each other.

74. *The Postman.*

To accomodate the inhabitants of London, the postman goes his rounds every evening, to collect letters for the post-office, with his bag, and his bell, which he ring-a-ding-dings, very loud all the way he goes, to inform those who have letters to send, that now is their time to save an errand, by paying a penny. So, by taking care of a number of pence, the postman gets his bread, and saves many persons their time and trouble.

75. *The Postboy.*

Quoth I to the Postman, good master, your nag
By this time is tir'd, by the weight of your bag;
You've set off from your office, and rode without stopping,
Till your poor panting steed is in danger of dropping.

Now, said he, if these letters were weigh'd by their sense,
'Twere a chance if they rose o'er a couple of pence;
And if that could be manag'd, my beast would not mind,
If I carried them with me or left them behind.

76. *The Letter-Box.*

Without being a conjurer, I think I can tell my readers, or this boy's master, if I chose, how he happened to have his hand caught in the Letter-Box. If I am not mistaken, he spent the first ten minutes of his time in looking at the print-shop at the corner of the street; and then he intended to finish his errand, but met some school-boys just going to begin a game of marbles, and so he staid to see who would win: besides being tempted to lose a few halfpence, for the benefit of a pieman, who happened to pass that way. And so, although he has run the last quarter of a mile, he could not make amends for his former idleness, and at last only came time enough to have his fingers pinched, by the letting down of the board; which I dare say my little friends think served him quite right. As I hope this accident will teach him to mind his business another time, I shall not punish him further by telling his name.

77. *The Link-Boy.*

The Link-Boys are always on the watch, with their large torches, in dark alleys and

lanes, to light passengers through them. They deserve the reward of a few halfpence, from those whom they assist, or of a good laugh at others, who will not pay a trifle for such an accomodation, when they see them run against each other, or step over their ankles in the dirt.

78. *The Watchman.*

Master Rattle has certainly chosen a very bad time and situation to sleep in; but I dare say he does not guess that we are all looking at him. He has a comfortable great coat to keep him warm in the cold nights, and a lantern to light him in the dark ones; besides a rattle, and a large stick to frighten and beat rogues with: so that he has every thing which is necessary for doing his duty. And I suppose my readers think it very wrong of him, to let all the thieves do as they please, while he is taking a nap; and so to be sure it is: but I hope nobody will scold the watchman, and do as bad as himself; for I have seen some little folks who have had books, and teachers, and good advice into the bargain, who have made no use of any of them. Sometimes, indeed, when their

teachers were looking at them, they seemed very busy for a little while. And, so, if any body were passing, Master Rattle would seem as busy, and do as little good, as the boys and girls I have been speaking about.

79. *The Lamp-Lighter.*

HISTORY OF SHANK SCAMPER THE LAMP-LIGHTER.

When Shank was first born, his parents could not tell whether he looked most like the sails of a windmill, or a pair of tongs, to both of which, it is said, he bore a considerable resemblance. Be this as it may, it is certain, when but a boy he far outstripped any cat in the neighbourhood, at climbing into trees, and running over the tiles of the adjoining houses. His bright, aspiring genius did not, however, discover itself till he was about the age of sixteen, when he formed as strong a partiality for a ladder, as many youths of that age do for the pen, or the sword. He was peculiarly happy in obtaining a situation suited to his talents; and he has ever since continued to illuminate the town by the brilliancy of his exploits.

80. *Old Clothes to Sell.*

Levi knows that an industrious disposition is worth more than good opportunities without it; and as nothing is to be got by standing still, up he gets early in the morning, and rambles about from street to street, and buys old clothes of those who have got new ones: or sometimes he gets a stock of hats and slippers, and then begins his walk again. So, as he wants his money more than he does his goods, he sells them to those who want the goods more than they want their money. Thus both parties are accommodated. This is the business of a trader; and his customers are as much obliged to him for letting them have his things, as he is to them for letting him have their money.

81. *The Milkmaid.*

If any of my little readers wish to be as healthy and merry as Betty the Milkmaid, they must work hard, and rise early in the morning, instead of lying in bed while every body else is about his business, and idling their time till they go to bed again. Betty is obliged to get up as soon

t is light; and then takes a walk into ields to fetch her cows When she has ed their full udders into her clean s, she sets off again, and carries it from r to door, time enough for her cus- ers to have it for breakfast. As every knows the business of a Milkmaid, I say no more about it; but advise to remember her example, who to make themselves happy or useful.

82. *The Dustman.*

1 Blackman, and his horse and cart, early in the morning, in quest of id cinder dirt. His face and his are as dirty as his business; but he t mind that, as he must either work lirty, or idle and be hungry: and s very well, his being such a fright hinder his getting more by his than others do by standing still at him.

, I'm dirty, that's why I'm not clean;
ess it ill would become,
ce and hands clean in the streets to be

urry my shovel and broom.

81

82

83

84

85

London. Published by Wm. Darton and Jos.h Harvey, December 1st 1808.

83. *The Blacking Balls.*

Here's fine Spanish Blacking, at sixpence a ball;
Imperial, ethereal, and brilliant, and all.
Do try it but once, for I'm sure it will suit:
'Twill make quite a looking glass, Sir, of your boot.
A most exquisite polish it gives to the leather,
Like the sun, moon, and stars, all a shining together.

84. *The Thief taken up.*

Ah, poor pilfering Bob! here he is at last, with the constable on one side, and the baker's wife on the other; and I cannot tell which looks the worst of the two. Well, he has certainly no right to complain: the only wonder is that he has never been caught before.

Being always idle, he was always in mischief; and it was his custom to lounge about shop doors and windows, and watch his opportunity of snapping up whatever he could conveniently reach

Many a nice penny roll has he handed out of the baker's window; but this once they were too cunning for him. He had set his heart upon a nice little sixpenny loaf, just smoking out of the oven: but this time the baker's wife was as nimble as

he. Poor Bob was soon pursued; and here he is, going before the Lord Mayor himself, for any thing I know to the contrary. Well, Bob, I am sorry for you; but you have nobody to blame but yourself. As to Mr. Constable, he is only doing his duty. So use no improper language to him; but go and submit to whatever punishment the magistrate may see proper to inflict: and, above all, learn for the future, that honesty is the best policy.

---

85. *The Countryman's first Sight of St. Paul's.*

Of all the brave churches I ever did see,
This here seems the greatest and grandest to me!
What a wonderful place! I am full of surprise,
And hardly know how to believe my own eyes.
Why sure that gold cross at the top is so high,
That it must, now and then, prick a hole in the sky;
And, for my part, I should not be much in amaze,
If the moon should run foul of it, one of these days.
Now, if I were Lord Mayor, without further delay,
The volunteer corps here should shoot it away.
But then, to be sure, I'm a poor country lad,
And don't understand churches, and learning, and that.

36

37

38

86. *A Confectioner's Shop.*

Some fine ladies and gentlemen have seated themselves here very comfortably, with an intention of regaling themselves with the good things that surround them. The gentleman seems to be handing the ladies some ice-creams. People who have literally nothing to do but to wander a whole morning up and down the streets, staring at each other, are very glad, now and then, by way of a little variety, to amuse themselves at a pastry-cook's or confectioner's.

'Twould make any ignorant Laplander stare,
To see what these ladies are at, I declare;
He never would guess, that 'twas pleasant or nice,
To swallow, on purpose, a glass-full of ice.
But let him examine, before he derides,
How many good things there are in it besides.
These ladies, as much as himself, would despise
A dish full of snow as it falls from the skies;
Or a flake of cold ice, broken off from the pond,
Far be it from them of such stuff to be fond:
But when half a dozen nice things in a mass,
Are mix'd up together and put in a glass,
Who then would refuse it, or stay to enquire,
If the gentlefolks call it an *ice* or a *fire*.

87. *An Eating-House.*

This good countryman has at last succeeded in finding his way to an Eating-House; and he seems now to be calling rather impatiently for his dinner.

What his name is, where he comes from, what business he has in town, and when he means to go home again, are particulars of which I am ignorant; nor can we conveniently ask him: for people should not talk at meals. And as it is rather rude to stare at a person when he is at dinner, we had better leave him to enjoy his beef-steak without interruption.

88. *A Tavern.*

Here is a room in a Tavern, where a party of gentlemen are sitting over their wine. One is reading the paper; and the rest, by their animated gestures, are probably talking politics. Two of them seem to be disputing pretty warmly; and from the violence of their action, and the loudness of their voices, I should guess that

neither of them was in the right. It seems a more likely thing that they should break all the bottles and glasses, than settle the affairs of the nation this evening.

89. *The Little Street-sweeper.*

Why, this silly fellow looks worse than the post which stands by his side! Blowing his fingers, such cold weather, will neither fill his pockets nor his stomach. I would advise him to get a birch-broom and a barrow; and then, with a little of his neighbour's industry, he may get a little money into the bargain.

90. *Wet Weather.*

There is often as much good to be obtained from disagreeable circumstances, as there is pleasure from those which delight us. These ladies and gentlemen are, I dare say, wondering what is the use of bad weather; and forget that what is bad weather to those who have nothing to do but walk about and show their fine clothes, is good weather to the farmer, whose corn

is made to grow by the returns of heat and cold, rain and sunshine. And there might be use in their being caught in it too; for, if they would look around them, they might pity and relieve many hundreds, who would get wet through many a time, if some stone wall did not take more pity on them than they do, and yield a little shelter.

91. *A London Fog.*

I have heard many country people say, they thought themselves very clever to get through the crowded streets of London, without having their pockets picked, being run over by carriages, or knocked down by porters. I wonder what these poor people would do, if they were in such a scene as the engraving represents. Here is a fog so thick, that the passengers seem to walk as if they expected to pop down a cellar, or roll into the kennel, the next minute. Indeed, one person, as we may observe, has actually run against a post. In such a situation, it is necessary for every body to mind his own business, and not to stay and laugh at the misfortunes of his neighbours.

89

90

91

92

93

94

92. *A Country Stage coming in.*

Here is an inn yard, and the old York coach has just driven in under the gateway. All the weary passengers are turning out, one after another.

There is an honest young Yorkshireman, just alighted from the roof, and shaking hands with his smart city cousin. He had never seen London before; and what with the fatigue of such a long journey, and the loud rumbling of the coach over London stones, and the various noises of the city, and the bustle of the inn yard, he hardly knows whether he is the same quiet youth that set off in the York stage early on Tuesday morning. However, having no good reason to suppose he is any body else, he begins to recover a little; and with one hand on his watch, and the other on his pocket, for fear of London rogues, he sets off, with his relation, for his quarters. As to the rest of the passengers, we must leave them to alight by themselves; especially as a gentleman at the door is handing out the ladies so politely, that he certainly does not want any assistance.

93. *A Porter.*

This gentleman and lady were, very likely, passengers also in the York coach; but as we did not stay to see them all out, we must not be too positive. It seems likely, however, that they are just come off a journey; for they have given their portmanteau to a Porter, and appear to be directing him where to take it. Some of these Porters are very strong men, and from long use can carry a prodigious weight. They have tickets fastened to their girdles, with their number upon them: so that, if ever they were inclined to play the rogue, and make off with their burdens, they might easily be found out.

94. *Hackney Coaches.*

Here is a stand of Coaches, and the foremost is now driving up to the pavement, to take in a lady and gentleman. This is one of the greatest conveniences of London, to those who are not able or willing to walk, and have money enough to ride. Whatever part of the town you

are going to, only beckon to a coachman, and

He'll drive you home quickly; and when you are there,
You have nothing to do but to pay him his *fare*.

95. *The Printshop and Countryman.*

I own 'tis amusing, and who would not stop
Before such a beautiful printseller's shop!
To see Bonaparte to the life, and his hat,
(And have one's own pocket pick'd too)—and al that!

96. *The Shoeblack.*

"Black your shoes, your honour?"—Ay, what is flashy Jack come to this a last! Time has been that he would have disdained to black his own shoes, thinking it beneath a gentleman to do anything, especially any thing useful. Nothing would satisfy him, but a gentleman he would be; and conceiving that, to spend money, to swear, and to kick servants about, were indisputable marks of that character, he acted accordingly. Never would he attend behind his father's counter; nor yet keep his books, so as to be of any service. As soon as he was of age, he sought a clerkship in a public office, the recommendation to which was having very little to do in the morning,

and all the remainder of the day to himself; which is the very thing that ruined him: as he that has nothing to do, will, most probably, do mischief. If, indeed, he had applied this spare time to reading, to some study that might have improved his mind, or any honourable and useful employment, he might have become a shining character; but leisure only sent him into dissipation, and dissipation is the high road to vice. The company he kept led him to drinking and gaming; and these opened to him the great door of the King's Bench. After some years, he was liberated by an act of insolvency. Without a penny in his pocket, out he comes; and, which is worse still, without a character. After several trials of blustering, sneaking, and starving, the last of which he did not at all like, behold him at the corner of the court, employed all the morning in blacking shoes! Do you despise him? Nay, verily, I think this the best, because the most honest, part of his history!

97. *Crossing the Street.*

Dear lady! put off those fine airs, I entreat;
'Tis not at all pretty to faint in the street;
And if with that parcel the porter get through,
I'll venture to say, there's a passage for you!

MAP & PRINTSELLE

95

97

98

99

100

98. *The Match Boy.*

This little boy has been used, from his infancy, to hunger, thirst, and raggedness; for he has no friends to provide him with food and clothing, or to tell him it is wrong to use dishonest means to obtain them. He works hard and lives hard too; and therefore, for his industry at least, is a good example for those little gentlemen, or great gentlemen either, who consume many times more than he does, without doing any good by their existence.

99. *Selling a Horse.*

Now, Master Sheaf, trust to your own eyes, more than to this gentleman's tongue. If the horse he is trying to sell were as good as he tells you, he need not be at so much trouble to recommend him. Look before you leap; for if you leap upon a bad horse, both he and you will repent of it. And if you have reckoned him much better than the jockey who sold him, I am afraid you have made a poor bargain; for in the print he looks in a very lean, shabby condition, as though he had not had a good meal for a long time.

100. *Smithfield Market.*

Passing through Smithfield one day, I saw some gentlemen bullocks, who seemed quite dirty with a walk from the country. So, as I am a countryman myself, I went to see how they did, and what brought them to London, when they gave me the following account of themselves: "We jolly-looking fellows have had nothing to do all our lives but eat and drink, and get fat as fast as we could; and now, like most folks who have done nothing but play, we must finish our lives, and serve those who have done nothing but work. So here we are, waiting for the butcher to drive us to the slaughter-house. You see by us, that nobody is made to live only for himself; but that all must contribute, by life or death, to the good of the society to which they belong. We have, indeed, spent idle lives; but can say what you will not be able, that our idleness was only our misfortune: yours will be your fault.

101 *Watering the Roads.*

This is done by a cart, full of holes, which, being filled with water, is drawn slowly along, to lay the dust.

102. *Drawing Goods on a Truck.*

In drawing that truck, friend, you now feel a part
Of what your poor horse feels in drawing your cart.

103. *A Plug burst.*

It seems impossible, at first sight, for water to run up hill; and yet, by a little ingenuity, this may be easily done. If a bason be filled with water, it will always lie flat as soon as you have done pouring; or if you look at a pond, it never tilts, but is perfectly level: that is to say, put water into what you please, and one side or end of it will never be higher than the other. It is by knowing and thinking about this, that clever men have contrived to supply whole cities with water, and even to send it up into the highest rooms of a house. They first of all make a great reservoir, or collection of water, on some neighbouring hill, from which pipes are carried, underground, to all the houses they wish to supply, the water in that end of the pipes next the town always rising as high as that in the reservoir at the other end of them. If they cannot find a convenient

spring, sufficiently high, they force the water to a proper height, by pumps and steam engines; and by these excellent inventions, a common mechanic may do, with ease, what the best ancient philosophers might have thought impossible. When the Greeks or Romans wanted to convey water across a valley from one hill to another, they built immense bridges, along the top of which the stream might flow; and these laborious works were called aqueducts. Whereas, if they had reasoned upon the simple fact, that water always runs level, or will rise at one end of a pipe to the same height that it springs from at the other, this amazing waste of expence and labour might have been spared. When one of the great pipes, which runs through the streets of London, happens to burst, the pressure of water soon forces the pavement, and a fountain is produced, like that which is so inconvenient to the person in the print before us. This, indeed, is the principle upon which all artificial fountains are made.

THE END.

Printed by W. Darton and J. and J. Harvey, Gracechurch-street.

101

102

3 2044 035 038

THE BORROWER WILL BE CHARGED AN OVERDUE FEE IF THIS BOOK IS NOT RETURNED TO THE LIBRARY ON OR BEFORE THE LAST DATE STAMPED BELOW. NON-RECEIPT OF OVERDUE NOTICES DOES NOT EXEMPT THE BORROWER FROM OVERDUE FEES.

Harvard College Widener Library
Cambridge, MA 02138 (617) 495-2413

WIDENER
STALL STUDY
CHARGE
CANCELLED

WIDENER
NOV 19 1999
JAN 20 2000
BOOK DUE
CANCELLED

WIDENER
FEB 10 2000
CANCELLED